

Lemuria, Wardrobe

I found the pack of cigarettes that you were always quitting
You always leave a mess purging your pockets in the laundry

All your clothes were donated because none of them fit me
My legs are too long

The thrift store is so cold and the service is lousy
I want to punch the clerk's lights out as he accepts the shirt
That was a present and the first time that I ever spent money
I was two or three counting on my fingers
I should've bought you a drink

The events move faster than I can show my anger
I want to practice my contempt to not be pushed over

I tell your story like a thrifty book
With the previous owner who highlighted the parts they liked the most